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THE

INTRUDER,

In IMITATION of

HORACE,

BOOK I. SATIRE IX.

By RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq;

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHatever is written in imitation of the manners and converſation of men, has never failed to pleaſe in proportion as it has been well written; and thoſe who have imitated the writings of preceding ages have, by applying ancient manners to modern times, afforded a ſtill greater ſcope for the mind to entertain itſelf by the compariſon. Yet as this advantage may be overbalanced by cramping the genius and warping the argument by adhering too ſtrictly to every particular; may it not be neceſſary for the propriety of the whole, in ſome caſes to altar the conduct, by the tranſpoſition of a few lines, or the omiſſion of an incident which the difference of manners may make leſs intereſting to the preſent age?

It is ſubmitted to the reader whether an impropriety in the conduct is not avoided, in the following Imitation, by poſtponing

poning the ſenſibility and agony of the Poet, ſince by appearing too early, it ſeems to anticipate the force of his diſtreſs, which ought to riſe by degrees, and in proportion as the importunity of the Intruder encreaſes. If this be allowed, it is hoped the Author has not done amiſs in having taken the liberty of tranſpoſing ſome lines of the original.

THE

THE

INTRUDER.

A Certain free familiar ſpark
Pertly accoſts me in the Park:
'T'is lovely weather ſure! how gay
The Sun!----I give you, Sir, good day.'

1. Ibam forte viâ ſacrâ, ſicut meus eſt mos,
Neſcio quid meditans nugarum; et totus in illis.
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreſque manu, Quid agis, dulciſſime rerum?

Your

Your ſervant, Sir : To you the ſame----

But---give me leave to crave your name ?

'My name? why ſure you've ſeen my face
'About, in ev'ry public place.
'I'm known to almoſt all your friends,
'(No one e'er names you but commends.)
'For ſome I plant; for ſome I build;
'In ev'ry taſte and faſhion ſkill'd----
'Were there the leaſt regard for merit!---
'The rich in purſe are poor in ſpirit.
'You know Sir *Pagode:* (here I'll give ye
'A front I've drawn him for a privy)
'This Winter, Sir, as I'm a ſinner,
'He has not aſk'd me once to dinner.'

5. Suaviter, ut nunc eſt, inquam; et cupio omnia
11. Noris nos inquit; docti ſumus.

Quite over-power'd with this intruſion
I ſtood in ſilence and confuſion.
He took th' advantage and purſued:
'Perhaps, Sir, you may think me rude;
'But ſure I may ſuppoſe my talk
'Will leſs diſturb you while you walk:
'And yet I now may ſpoil a thought:
But that's indeed a venial fault:----
'I only mean to ſuch, d'ye ſee,
'Who write with eaſe like you and me.
'I write a ſonnet in a minute:
'Upon my ſoul there's nothing in it.
'But you to all your friends are partial:
'You reckon * * * another *Martial*----

29. —— Nam quis me ſcribere plures
Aut citius poſſit verſus?

'He'd think a fortnight well beſtow'd
'To write an epigram or ode.
'* * * *'s no poet to my knowledge;----
'I knew him very well at College:
'I've writ more verſes in an hour
'Than he could ever do in four.
'You'll find me better worth your knowing----
'But tell me; which way are you going?'

What various tumults ſwell'd my breaſt,
With paſſion, ſhame, diſguſt oppreſt!
This courtſhip from my *Brother poet!*
Sure no ſimilitude can ſhow it:

39. Si bene me novi, non Viſcum pluris amicum,
Non Varium, facies.
40. —— Hinc quo nunc iter eſt tibi?

Not

Not young *Adonis* when purſued,
By amorous antiquated prude;
Not *Gulliver*'s diſtreſsful face
When in the *Yahoe*'s loath'd embrace.

In rage, confuſion, and diſmay,
Not knowing what to do or ſay:
And having no reſource but lying,----
A friend at Lambeth lies a dying.----
'*Lambeth!*' (he reaſſumes his talk)
'Acroſs the Bridge----the fineſt walk.----
'Don't you admire the *Chineſe* Bridges
'That wave in furrows and in ridges?

52. —— Nil opus eſt te
Circumagi; quendam volo viſere, non tibi notum:
Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæſaris hortos.
Nil habeo quod agam; et non ſum piger: uſque ſequar te.

55. —— Cum quidlibet ille
Garriret: vicos, urbem laudaret.

'They've finiſh'd ſuch an one at *Hampton:*
'Faith 'twas a plan I never dreamt on----
'The prettieſt thing that e'er was ſeen----
'Tis printed in the Magazine.---'

This wild farrago who could bear?
Sometimes I run; then ſtop and ſtare:
Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
By turns grow cholerick and ſick:
And glare my eye, and ſhew the white,
Like vicious horſes when they'd bite.

Regardleſs of my eye or ear,
His jargon he renews.----'D'ye hear

65. Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis aſellus.

'Who

'Who 'twas compos'd the Taylor's dance?
'I practis'd fifteen months in *France.*
'I wrote a play----'twas done in haſte----
'I know the preſent want of taſte,
'And dare not truſt it on the town----
'No Tragedy will e'er go down.
'The new Burletta's now the thing----
'Pray did you ever hear me ſing?'
Never indeed.----'Next time we meet----
'We're juſt now coming to the ſtreet.----
'Bleſs me! I almoſt had forgot:
'There's poor *Jack Stiles* will go to pot.
'Sir

70. —— Quis membra movere
Mollius?
76. Invideat quod et Hermogenes ego canto.
80. —— Caſu tunc reſpondere vadato
Debebat; quod ni feciſſet, perdere litem.

'Sir *Scrutiny* has preſt me dayly
'To be this hour at the *Old Bayley*,
'To witneſs to his good behaviour:
'My Uncle's voter under favour----
'Egad, I'm puzzled what to do,
'To ſave him will be loſing you.
'Yet we muſt ſave him if we can,
'For he's a ſtanch one, a * DEAD MAN.'
By your account he's SO *indeed,*
Unleſs you make ſome better ſpeed.
This moment fly to ſave your friend----
Or elſe prepare him for his end.

Si me amas, inquit, paulum hic ades. Inteream ſi
Aut valeo ſtare, aut novi civilia jura:
Et propero quo ſcis. Dubius ſum quid faciam, inquit:
Tene relinquam, an rem. Me, ſodes. Non faciam, ille;
Et præcedere cœpit.

* A cant term for a ſure vote.

'Hang

'Hang him he's but a ſingle vote;
'I wiſh the halter round his throat.
'To *Lambeth* I attend you, Sir.'
Upon my ſoul you ſhall not ſtir:
Preſerve your voter from the gallows:
Can human nature be ſo callous?
So negligent when life's at ſtake?
'I'd hang a hundred for your ſake.'
I wiſh you'd do as much by me----
Or any thing to ſet me free.

Deaf to my words, he talks along
Still louder than the buzzing throng.

101. Omnes compoſui. Felices. Nunc ego reſto.
Confice.

'Are

'Are you, he crys, as well as ever
'With lady *Grace?* ſhe's vaſtly clever?'
Her merit all the world declare:
Few, very few her friendſhip ſhare.
'If you'd contrive to introduce
'Your friend here, you might find an uſe---'
Sir, in that houſe there's no ſuch doing,
And the attempt would be one's ruin.
No art, no project, no deſigning,
No rivalſhip and no outſhining.

105. —— Mæcenas quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit. Paucorum hominum, et mentis bene ſanæ.
Nemo dexterius fortunâ eſt uſus. Haberes
Magnum adjutorem, poſſet qui ferre ſecundas,
Hunc hominem velles ſi tradere; diſpeream, ni
Summoſſes omnes. Non iſto vivimus illic
Quo tu rere, modo: domus hâc nec purior ulla eſt,
Nec magis his aliena mâlis. Nil mi officit unquam,
Ditior hic, aut eſt quia doctior: eſt locus uni-
cuique ſuus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
Sic habet.

'Indeed

'Indeed! you make me long the more
'To get admittance. Is the door
'Kept by ſo rude, ſo hard a clown
'As will not melt at half a crown?
'Can't I cajole the female tribe
'And gain her woman with a bribe?
'Refus'd to-day, ſuck up my ſorrow,
'And take my chance again to-morrow?
'Is there no ſhell-work to be ſeen,
'Or *Chineſe* chair or *Indian* ſcreen?
'No Cockatoo nor Marmozet,
'Lap-dog, Gold-fiſh, nor Perroquet?

115. ——Accendis quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus eſſe. Velis tantummodo, quæ tua virtus
Expugnabis: et eſt qui vinci poſſit; eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus ſervos corrumpam; non hodie ſi
Excluſus fuero, deſiſtam.

'No *French* Embroidery on a quilt?
'And no Bow-window to be built?
'Can't I contrive, at times, to meet
'My Lady in the Park or ſtreet?
'At Opera, Play, or Morning Pray'r,
"To hand her to her coach or chair?"

But now his voice, tho' late ſo loud,
Was loſt in the contentious croud
Of Fiſhwives newly corporate,
A Colony from *Billingſgate.*
That inſtant on the bridge I ſpy'd
Lord *Truewit* coming from his ride.

My

129. —— Tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis; deducam.
137. —— Hæc dum agit ecce
Fuſcus Ariſtius occurrit, mihi carus, et illum

Qui

My Lord,---- Sir William (I began)
Has given me power to ſtate a plan,
To ſettle ev'ry thing between you;
And ſo----'tis lucky that I've ſeen you.
This morning.----' 'Hold,' replys the Peer,
And tips me a malicious leer,
'Againſt good breeding to offend
'And rudely take you from your FRIEND!'
(His Lordſhip by the way, can ſpy
How matters go with half an eye:

Qui pulchre noſſet. Conſiſtimus. Unde venis? et
Quo tendis? rogat, et reſpondet. Vellere cœpi,
Et prenſare manu lentiſſima brachia, nutans,
Diſtorquens oculos, ut me eriperet.
144. — Male falſus
Ridens diſſimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
Certè neſcio quid ſecreto velle loqui te
Aiebas mecum. Memini bene; ſed meliori
Tempore dicam.

And loves, in proper time and place,
To laugh behind the graveſt face.)
'Tis Saturday.----I ſhould not chuſe
'To break the Sabbath of the JEWS.'
The Jews! my Lord!----'Why ſince this pother,
'I own I'm grown a weaker brother;
'Faith! Perſecution is no joke:----
'----I once was going to have ſpoke.---
'Bus'neſs may ſtay till Monday night:
''Tis prudent to be ſure you're right.'
He went his way. I rav'd and fum'd:
To what ill-fortune am I doom'd!

152. ——— Hodie tricesima ſabbata. Vin' tu
Curtis JUDÆIS oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam,
Relligio eſt. At mi: ſum paulo infirmior, unus
Multorum: ignoſces: alias loquar.
160. —— Hunccine ſolem
Tam nigrum ſurrexe mihi!
159. —— Fugit improbus ac me
Sub cultro linquit.

But

But Fortune had, it ſeems, decreed
That moment for my being freed.
Our talk, which had been ſomewhat loud,
Inſenſibly the market croud
Around my perſecutor drew ;
And made 'em take him for a *Jew*.
To me the caitiff now appeals ;
But I took fairly to my heels ;
And, pitileſs of his condition
On brink of *Thames* and Inquiſition,

163. —— Caſu venit obvius illi
Adverſarius ; & Quo tu turpiſſime ? magnâ
Inclamat voce ; & Licet anteſtari ?
168. ——Ego vero
Oppono auriculam : rapit in jus.

Left him to take his turn and liſten
To each uncircumcis'd *Philiſtine.*
O! *Phœbus!* happy he whoſe truſt is
In thee and thy Poetic juſtice.

171. —— Clamor utrinque;
Undique concurſus.
173. —— Sic me ſervavit Apollo.

F I N I S.